

her

atlas

The first time I saw you
And those
Pretty eyes
It was like
Looking into a waterfall
Like at, at night or something

You made my heart stop or
Skip a couple beats

Yeah those

You make my head hurt
But you're the Tylenol

Yeah ok

I've been frozen in place
Too long
I've been singing these same old songs
I've been drawing all over
My walls
My walls
Yeah

I've been writing in a diary
I've been talking in therapy
About the face of this beautiful girl
And I don't know like
Her name

I met her at subway
As in the restaurant
I was just trying to get a sandwich
With the mustard sauce
She was there
With her hair up and nails done
And I forgot to pay for my food
Yeah

Cause I had never seen a face
Or body like that
My heart kicked out my chest
It knows karate like that
I reach into my pocket for my wallet
Might flash a couple dollars
See if she wants a baller like that

But of course not
No
What was I expecting?
That's a chick who looks for substance in life
No second guessing

I'm too scared to ask her anything
Or even try to speak
And I was running off an hour

Because sleep is for the weak

So I just sat down in a booth in silence
Was freaking out
Started practicing my lines
But be quiet
No speaking out
You best at least be copping digits my G
Don't leave without
I stood up with my sights on her table
Than sat back down

So afraid
I was shaking and hardly breathing
So I gave up with a shrug and decided it's time to leave

Then I swear to God
She paused for her phone
Somebody's rapping
That was when I realized that her
Ring tone was Atlas

This is a true story
And uh no
I still didn't talk to her
Thanks for 5k